

K R. J. C.

THE
EVENING WALK;
A
SENTIMENTAL TALE.

INTERSPERSED WITH
POETIC SCRAPS.

BY
A YOUTH OF SEVENTEEN.

JACQUES.—The *worst* fault you have, is to be in *love*.

ORLANDO.—'Tis a *fault* I would not change for your *best virtue*.

SHAKESPEARE.

Youth, no less becomes
The *light* and *careless* livery that it wears,
Than settled *age* his *fables* and his *weeds*,
Importing health and *graveness*.

SHAKESPEARE,

LONDON:

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THE EVENING WALK

BY J. H. STODOLSKY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. STODOLSKY



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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE publisher of this little tale, thinks it can no way be more properly prefaced, than by the following letter, by which it was accompanied :

" MY DEAR FRIEND,

" AMONG the papers and books I brought to this secluded spot to amuse me, and divert the chagrin to which some most iniquitous, and despotic measures, have subjected me, I found the inclosed little tale.

" It was one of my early literary attempts, being positively written at seventeen years of age; and I declare to you, before I had ever read any novel whatever.

" It is some years since I have seen it myself, and fifteen since it was written.

" It hath amused me, and perhaps it may you, for the same reason; because it leads to a comparative view of our talents, and their employment at different ages, and under different impressions.

" I have

“ I have never since attempted any thing in this way, and my subsequent labours are so unlike it, and have been so flatteringly received, that I shall not hazard the loss of fame by letting my name appear to this romantic flight of my boyish days.

“ Do with it what you please ;— perhaps it may obtain, what a work of real merit, and service, may not, —a little pecuniary reward.

“ If it will do this, my friend! —you know where to find the beings dearest to my soul, and will rejoice with

with me, that suffering worth can be
in any way assisted.

"I am, my dear friend!

"Not doubting the speedy approach
of better and happier days to all
the human race,

"Your's affectionately,

"T. C. R."

"— near CALAIS,

April, 1793."

THE
EVENING WALK;

A

SENTIMENTAL TALE.

WE were just come to the entrance of a delightful valley, in the bottom of which gently rolled along a clear stream, which, in several places, formed a natural cascade, and, with its soul-soothing murmurs, charmed the ravished listener. On the right, arose a smooth green hill; and on the left,

B

were

were rich cultivated fields, that lay rather on the descent. The top of these was crowned with a thick grove ; where was a seat that commanded a lovely view of the enchanting scenes below.

Towards this my friend and I were walking : the genius of the descriptive bard, Thomson, was the subject of our conversation ; many judicious remarks were made by my companion on his writings, who was a particular admirer of that elegant poet.

When we had nearly reached the summit, we were surprized by the appearance of an angelic female figure, in a contemplative attitude, and with
a look

a look dejected, sitting in the bower which we were just on entering.

She did not perceive us.—Shall we go, said I, to my friend, shall we disturb this stranger?—He paused; and after looking a few moments steadily at her—Let us go, he said.—We entered arm in arm; it was the manner in which we usually walked;—it was emblematical of the union of our souls.

After addressing this lovely creature, in a way the most consonant to our feelings at that time, we sat down on each side of her.

This is a charming prospect, said my friend Benson, looking kindly at

B 2

her.

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her.—Indeed it is, she replied in a manner like Benson's ; for the beauty of the prospect, at that instant, struck neither of them.—To be silent would not do—though to have been silent might have been best, for our feelings could not just then be expressed.

It was not till we had sat some time, that I remarked, that we had neglected, at our first entering, to apologize for the intrusion ; adding, that we would now retire, if our company was in the least unacceptable ; for your mind, Madam, continued I, looking tenderly at her, seems much engaged in reflections not the most pleasing, and of that kind which require an estrangement from company.

My

My addressing her thus plainly, after being but a few minutes in her company, may appear strange to those who never felt a certain congeniality of feeling which renders every thing agreeable, rather than impertinent.—Your conjectures are right, returned she.—Heaven knows if I shall ever again enjoy pleasing and happy reflections!—A tear sat in her eyes when she began this sentence; and soon after she had finished it—found its way down her pallid cheeks.—She did not weep alone—the generous-hearted Benson wiped from his eyes the sympathetic drop!—From whence do these feelings arise?—Can we doubt our immortality whilst we have these?—No: as Sterne says, “I am sure

“ they cannot be accounted for from
“ any combination of matter and mo-
“ tion ;—I am positive (continues he,)
“ I have a soul, nor can all the books,
“ with which materialists have pes-
“ tered the world, convince me to
“ the contrary.” She moved towards
the door—we followed close after :—
Permit us to escort you home, Madam,
said Benson.—It is quite unnecessary ;
I thank you, Gentlemen, she replied—
At the foot of this hill, which is but
a few minutes walk from hence, re-
sides an aged aunt of mine, with whom
I now live ;—I am much accustomed
to the walk, for I usually spend an hour
or two in this bower every evening. —
Not always in *this manner*, I hope, says
I, interrupting her ;—I pray Heaven

this bower is not sacred to your sorrows!—It can be sacred to *nothing else*, she replied, and walked away weeping.

Benfon and I were thrown into a profound reverie, and did not speak to each other till we reached the foot of the hill. There at once, as from a dream, we awoke. We were arm in arm, and could not get over a stile which we just then came to, without separating, and breaking the train of our reflexions.—We smiled at each other, and entered into conversation upon the strange adventure we had just witnessed, and what method we should adopt to come at a farther acquaintance with the lady we had seen.

3 THE EVENING WALK;

Our curiosity was awake, and we wished earnestly to be let into the history of the unfortunate stranger.

Benson and I had been long bosom friends; our dispositions were similar, and our desires in this case, as in most others, were alike. From such a union as this what happiness springs!—If these lines should ever be looked over by one who enjoys that greatest of all blessings, *a friend!* let him bless us.

Long since this, my Benson! I have lost thee; but faithful memory often presents to my view those scenes we once enjoyed together—Yes, often—the retrospection delights me; and in
the

the remembrance of them, I am happy. And whilst I am now writing, I cannot refrain dropping the tear of sacred friendship.—Though thou hast left these earthly regions, yet deign, blest companion, to smile upon me, and, from the realms of immortality, sometimes look down on thy once loved friend!—cheer his waking hours, inspire his dreams, and let them ever present some pleasurable scene to his view, of which thou wast a partaker.

Benson was a genius, and like people of that stamp in general, he had some oddities in his character; one of which was, that of advancing anything, or beginning conversation abruptly.—This peculiarity of his was

rather admired than disliked.—He often put me in mind of Sterne; just in his way he used to talk, and write; on this account I frequently called him Yorrick.

I will read you, says Benfon, as we kept on walking, and were now about a mile from our residence while in the country, a letter I yesterday received from our friend Jack Wilmot, who, you know, left us to prosecute his studies a while longer at Oxford.

" MY

" MY DEAR BENSON,

Oxford.

" AFTER I parted from you, which I think was about thirty miles on the other side London, I took chaise in order to reach that city to dinner.

" We had driven but a mile, or two, when a steep hill obliged the postilion to walk the horses gently.

" When we had reached the summit of the hill, my attention was called off from Shaftesbury, the second volume of whose writings I was reading, to observe the beauty of the extensive view below; and I was just ex-

claiming with Milton, "these are thy glorious works!" when the figure of a genteel young man before me attracted my notice. He was leaning on his stick, and seemed to be contemplating the delectable prospect beneath him;—hearing a chaise, he turned round and looked steadily at me: I now clearly perceived by his trim, that he was travelling the road on *foot*.

"You know I love adventures.—I read in his eyes, a desire to be admitted;—the request seemed made in an humble ingenuous manner.—I saw in his features the traces of an exalted mind.—Thou art a clever sensible fellow, said I to myself, and I will get acquainted with thee, at the same time directing

directing my view to the vacant part of the chaise and then on him, with a look that bespoke I knew what he wanted, and should be happy to comply with his wishes.—He read my sentiments in my looks, and advanced.

“ I bid the boy stop, opened the door, and putting down the step with my foot—I much regret says I, as we both seem travelling the same road, that we should be travelling it in so opposite a manner.

“ It is a matter not to be regretted at all, says he, in a polite way, since it is by your leave so easily remedied.—

You are heartily welcome, replied I,
to

to a lift with me as far as you are going this road.—He stepped in, my servant put up the step, and we drove gently down the hill.

“ Shaftesbury was still in my hand, and the back, which was largely lettered, was towards him.—Shaftesbury, says he, reading it, ’tis long since I read men in thy penetrative pages; since then I have read them in the original.—Well might the Italian, Signor Algarotti, “ call man an assylum of “ the strongest contradictions, nourished by long hopes, impetuous passions, the most evident truth, and “ most palpable error, capable of making attempts beyond the powers of “ his

“ his nature, and subject to fears his
“ reason contradicts.”

“ It is a just picture, added I; by the remarks you have dropped, you have been much out in the world?—I have, said he, with a deep sigh, been too much out in it;—I have partaken largely of its follies, dissipations, and vices; the only advantage I have obtained, is a small knowledge of it, and that most *paradoxical* animal, *Man*! Sure, Rochefoucault, thou hast not depicted in too black colours the human conduct; are not men in general perfidious, base, ingrateful?—I have just had a recent instance of it; for calling upon an old rich relation, a few miles from this spot, in hopes, under
his

his roof, to be sheltered from the storms of adversity.—How disappointed was I, when making myself known to him, he in abusive language drove me from his door:—’Twas in vain I dropped the tear of contrition for past irregularities; nought would avail.

“ I left him with a curse, and pursued my journey into the wide world again, and when you saw me standing on that hill, was pondering what to do.

“ It appears by what you have said, replied I, that your life hath been a life of wandering, subject to many and various misfortunes ; whether those originated in misconduct, or in a train of fortuitous.

fortuitous circumstances, which we all lie at the mercy of, more or less, is an enquiry, which the man of true feeling and humanity seldom or *never* makes; for strictly speaking, *misconduct* is the most deplorable species of *misfortune*, and the most *pitiable* point of view which we can place man in, is whilst he is doing *wrong*.

“ I added, let no black ideas paint to your view approaching gloomy prospects. I am never so happy, as when I can in any way make others so. — I will be your friend from this time; drive care from your breast.

“ I have only one request to beg of you, which will abundantly compensate
fate

fate for any favours you may think I confer; which is, that you will relate to me those parts of your life in which any singular incidents may have happened.

“ I cannot think of denying you any thing, says he, nor any way make a suitable return for your kindness.—I never look back into the past scenes of my life, but I exclaim with Goldsmith,

“ Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,

“ Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.”

“ My father was a very opulent tradesman in London, one of those kind of men, whose sole delight is in amassing wealth.

wealth.—He was a man of neither genius, or learning; these are the people, who generally succeed best in business.—Though so destitute of knowledge himself, he was very much for giving me, his only child, a liberal education; in order for which, I was sent early to Westminster school; in which seminary of learning I made a very rapid progress in my studies, and attained a competent knowledge of most of the dead, and living languages.—French, and Italian I spoke fluently, and could read most authors very readily in Greek and Latin.

“ At eighteen, I left Westminster, and went to finish my studies at Oxford.

“ In

“ In that fatal place, that nursery of vice, and iniquity, I soon gave a loose to my passions.—Here I first become acquainted with several young noblemen and gentlemen, as they are called, who, like myself, neglected their studies, to pursue objects of a far more agreeable nature to us at that time.

“ We, with unwearied avidity, inattentive to what might be the consequence, launched forth into every scene of expence and folly, our prolific imaginations could suggest; and which could be followed without incurring the open censure of our superiors; nor indeed did we always escape that.

“ I was

" I was continually soliciting my father for money, who very readily remitted me large sums, expecting they were really expended to go through my studies in the best and most comprehensive manner.

" After I had been at Oxford two years, my father died, and I had the extreme happiness to find myself possessed of near ten thousand a year.

" This you will easily conceive, in the state of mind I then was, obliterated every sense of *regret* at my father's departure, and induced me to consider it as the most *happy* and *fortunate* of circumstances.

" If I

“ If I ever turned a serious view towards it, it was accompanied with this reflection, that he was taken from a world he never made a proper use of, but led himself a *miserable laborious* life, to make that provision for his son, to whom it proved the principal source of ruin and *destruction*; and which had he lived upon *himself*, and left a *tenth* part to me, might have insured us *both* felicity, and made us both *respectable* characters.

“ At this period I was about twenty years of age, and though I had long run in the paths of irregularity, could still boast a good constitution.— I was well formed; elegant and man-
ly

ly in my person, and was, what the world calls, a fine fellow.

“ There was one thing in which I was much superior to my profligate associates ; which was in my abilities.— I had not entirely neglected, though my time was spent so dissipatedly at Oxford, to read the best authors, and indeed to run through the circle of scientific and polite learning ; but poetry was my fort.— I had written several pieces, which had considerably raised me in the estimation of those who held an exalted rank in the literary world, with several of whom I was intimate.— But now my attention was mostly taken up another way ; and tho’ I still maintained the character of a judicious

judicious philosopher in my principles, my conduct was deeply vicious.

“ *Ten thousand a year !* my heart was elated at the thoughts of it.—I set off into the world, the compleat man of fashion, purchased me houses in town and country, drove the finest horses, and most elegant carriages.—I spent two or three months in town in the ridiculous manner people in the situation I then was usually do, and of which you will readily form an idea, from the many who are now pursuing the same roads ; who, poor infatuated wretches, are hastening rapidly to experience the fate I have done !—I pity you ! but to stop you in your mad career, is not in my power.—You will

will one day learn as, I have done,
that,

“ To be good, is to be happy.”

and, that courses like these are totally
incompatible with real happiness even
here.

“ 'Tis virtue only, makes our bliss below.”

“ The amiable author you have in
your hand, would teach them, “ to be
vicious, is to be miserable ;” and that,
“ they best enjoy who study to regu-
late their passions ;” and so on.—
But to resume our story.

“ After passing this time in London,
and summer being advancing, I thought

C

it

it high time to figure away in the country; and having learnt the profession of a coachman at Oxford, I fixed on a phaeton and four, as the pleasantest, and most shewy method of taking a route, from one place of fashionable celebrity to another.

“ The much-famed Miss M——, with whom I had sometime carried on an intrigue, was my companion.—This young creature possessed every amiable quality, both mental and personal, but the most requisite one to render the sex agreeable;—however, this was most agreeable to me at that time.

“ Thus, in the country at different places, we passed five or six months,
joining

joining in all the fashionable fooleries, and eagerly pursuing every phantom which vice, or dissipation, exhibited to our view.

"Yet had I not thrown aside those reflections, which are so peculiar to persons of a genius like mine ;—amidst the most *seemingly* agreeable diversions, wherein vice is rendered as lovely as possible, and presented to us in every attractive form that the most sensual imagination can invent (was it not for *this*, mankind would not be so vicious, for nature abhors vice if exposed *naked* to her) amidst the most enticing scenes, of what is *falsely* called pleasure, when every thing wore the aspect of delight.—Even here, how often

have I asked the distrustful heart, if this be joy!

“ It is to the silence of our reason
 “ and the want of more refined senses
 “ (says Signor Algarotti,) that we
 “ owe our perceptions of pleasure.—
 “ Thus Pope affirms,

“ Pleasure is the happiness of those, who cannot think.”

“ I very readily agreed to the justness of these remarks; and here as in several other parts of his recital, we were led to a discussion of a variety of digressive subjects.

“ These digressions, tho’ not uninteresting (as my fellow-traveller was
 an

an excellent moralizer, and a perfectly agreeable companion) would in the detail, extend my letter to too great a length, I therefore omit them.

“ At the conclusion of this last observation, we drove towards the end of our first stage, and in a few minutes stopped to take fresh horses;—we took some refreshment, and after a turn or two into the garden, found our chaise waiting at the door.

“ Just as we were stepping in, who should drive up but our friend Newton, the young baronet!—He alighted, and insisted on our dining with him;—this I agreed to.—I took him into the garden, related to him the preceeding

entertaining circumstances, then left him to converse with my new companion, and ordered pen ink and paper into one of the arbours, to give you a written account of the adventure, which Newton will hand you, who is coming to spend a week or two with you.

“ When I reach Oxford, I shall transcribe you the remainder of my new acquaintance’s story. In the mean time

“ I remain, my dear BENSON!

“ Your’s, in earnest,

“ JACK WILMOT.”

By the time my friend Benson had read this, we had nearly reached Mr. Stevens's, whose charming and excellent family we were then visiting; and to whom we related our adventure of meeting the young lady in the arbour, &c. &c.

All the family seemed very desirous of a further intimacy with her, in hopes of learning the cause of her present disconsolate sequestration from the world; and being better acquainted with a character, that, according to our relation, had something so very interesting and extraordinary about it.

It was at length agreed on, that as Benson and I had seen the lady, and

something had passed between us, we were the most proper persons to visit again the harbour where before we had met, and as Miss Stevens seemed particularly desirous of going, we concluded that she should accompany us; after which, our conversation run, as usual in this polite and worthy family, on a variety of topics—sentimental, moral, and satirical; which were always supported with the utmost complacency and good humour on all sides.

The next evening we set off with Miss Stevens;—we could not have had a more suitable companion on such an expedition:

This

This young lady was the eldest daughter of the happy pair we were visiting;—she was now about eighteen, and joined to an attractive and fascinating person, a mind fraught with exquisite tenderness and sensibility, and embellished by a very good education.

We were somewhat disappointed at not meeting the fair stranger; but our anxiety lasted not long, for in a few minutes she entered the arbour;—we introduced Miss Stevens to her, and after the customary forms of meeting, we sat down.

I began after some conversation, telling her, that I considered our meeting,

ting, and what had passed the preceding evening, a sufficient apology for begging the honour of a farther intimacy with her;—adding, that Miss Stevens lived but a little distance from her, and came for *that* purpose.

Miss Stevens here interrupted me, and addressing herself to the lovely stranger; said, how happy she should be to become acquainted with her; and desired, as the distance was so trifling, she would pleasure her with her company at her father's.—It may serve, added Benson, to drive from your mind those gloomy ideas which are continually indulged by your present situation; you will find at Miss Stevens's agreeable company, and by joining in
their

their amusements, and diversions, may, if not totally obliterate, at least greatly alleviate, your melancholy.

She sighed deeply, and thanked Miss Stevens for her friendly invitation, but did not determine to accept it.

Benson and I went out of the bower. —I hinted to him the uncertainty of seeing the young lady again, and whether it would *now* be amiss to request a relation of her life, as there were several of the pleasantest hours of the evening to come, and that it was not likely she would return home yet. —He agreed to the proposal. —We entered the bower.

Miss Stevens was yet conversing with her, and very fortunately for us, on the very subject we were about to begin.

“The retrospect, Madam, always calls these tears to my aid, as a small mitigation,” says the beauteous fair one, in answer to something that had passed between them.—“The communicating our sorrows, is in some measure lessening them (said I;) and tho’ we would by no means intrude on your politeness and good-nature, yet we should esteem it a very singular instance of your kindness, if you would honour us with a sketch of your history.”

She

She could not but be willing to please us, she replied; and though it would revive scenes, which she much desired should be blotted from her memory for ever, yet as that was not probable, she had no particular objection to obliging us.

“ The western part of Italy (began she, wiping the tears from her fine eyes,) gave birth to my worthy ancestors.—Fortune had favoured them through a long succession, and though they held no places under government, their affluence and benevolence were much celebrated; as they devoted their wealth and abilities to the good of those about them, and in assisting their fellow-creatures.

My

“ My parents bestowed on me a very liberal and complete education, which I finished about seventeen years of age.—Just at this juncture, an aunt of mine was setting out on a tour through part of Spain, France, and England.—I was always her favourite;—she was very desirous that I might accompany her, and requested my parents would spare me.—They thought they could rely on her care, and as I was ardently desirous of going, complied with her solicitations, and cheerfully gave their permission.—Our parting was peculiarly tender and distressing,—it was the *first* time that ever I separated from the dear authors of my being;—my heart bled,—though I did not then think
my

my feelings *prophetic* of our meeting no more,—yet they certainly were so; and the conscious soul no doubt anticipated the calamities, which it hath since been my lot to experience.

“We set off accommodated with every thing necessary to render such a journey agreeable. I shall beg leave to pass over our travels as far as Paris, since nothing particular occurred on our route thither.—I made indeed memorandums of incidents that happened,—observations on the places we went through,—and the manners of the people we were among, &c. &c. which I have by me in manuscript; but these are too tedious to recount *now*, and do
not

not properly belong to my present relation.

“ At Paris my aunt (who was about thirty years of age, unmarried, and a fine figure), presented to my view some parts of her conduct, that exceedingly surpris'd and distress'd me ; and induced me to conceive a very different idea of her character than I had hitherto done.

“ I soon found, this was no sudden alteration in her, but that to her other vile qualities, she had added that of *hypocrisy* ; and concealed from me and my parents, under the mask of some good and amiable qualifications, those practices

practices, she made no reserve of concealing, when they could not reach their knowledge.

“ The distance of Paris from her home, the being in a strange country, unknown to its inhabitants, were such persuasive inducements to her throwing the mask aside, that she thought it unnecessary to wear it before me ; especially, as she then conceived hopes of bringing me over to her own way of thinking and acting.—The efforts she made, however, did not prove effectual; and I thank Heaven, I was preserved from entering into those scenes of intrigue and vice, to which she was so accustomed.—Her trials to seduce me
into

into the paths of iniquity were many, and cautiously managed ;—her schemes for this diabolical purpose were deep laid, and hard to be withstood ;—withstand them, indeed, I could not ; but,

“ Since ’twas hard to combat, learnt to fly.”

“ I had at my first visiting Paris, commenced an acquaintance with a very sensible young lady, of good family, and the most amiable disposition, to whom among other things I communicated my very disagreeable and distressed situation.

“ This dear girl was a truly benevolent confidant, and no sooner heard my

my griefs, than she pointed out a way in some measure to redress them.—

The plan she proposed to avoid certain ruin, I adopted with very little hesitation; this was, to pack up all my valuables, and escape from my aunt.—It was apparently a rash step, but if properly considered, by no means a condemnable one; for if I had continued with her, ruined I must have been, as the sequel will prove to you.

“ During all these afflicting circumstances, I could not write to my parents, not knowing where to direct to them; as my aunt told me they were moved into the southern parts of Italy; and that if I had letters to send, she would;

would inclose them for me, in her own.

“ She never told me, nor could I get the direction from her, and having reason from the other parts of her conduct to think this equally base, I wrote as usual to my parents, but receiving no answer, concluded my aunt, in this particular, had told the truth.

“ In this unhappy situation, I retired with the young lady, my friend, to a villa of her father's, near Paris.—The place of my seclusion, my aunt never could find, though she made very diligent enquiry after it.—She, poor woman ! in a few months, had, by *gaming*,

ming, and a long train of extravagancies, squandered away all her property, before she could get supplies from Italy; and was obliged to go into a nobleman's keeping, well known at that time for his dissipation and gallantries.

“ Whether she ever obtained remittances or not, I never heard; for about this time, a very fortunate incident occurred for me.—A merchant from London, who was a distant relation of mine, came to transact some business with a relation of the young lady, with whom I was.

He

“He congratulated me on my happy escape from my aunt, and my present agreeable situation; gave me information of my parents, to whom he promised to give early intelligence of my leaving my aunt, &c. &c. To these beloved parents, I also instantly wrote.

“The young lady, my amiable friend Miss Deroy, had more than once told me of a proposed jaunt to England, which she seemed to anticipate with peculiar pleasure; and as so agreeable an opportunity offered, as returning with the merchant before mentioned, she had concluded to set off in a week,

or

or two after having obtained a promise from me to accompany her.

“ Miss Deroy had more than *one* inducement for visiting Great Britain.— There, about two months before, had failed the object of her most sincere and ardent affection—the accomplished, and truly amiable Henry.

“ Henry’s father was a gentleman of very considerable note in Paris, and held several lucrative places under government. He had sent his only, and much beloved son, Harry, to continue with a relation in England, by way of improving his health, which was declining; perfecting him in the language

guage of the country, and bringing him acquainted with the manners of the English.

“ Miss Deroy had often told me the circumstances of their intimacy, and honoured me with a perusal of their letters ; by which, and her information, I soon attained a just idea of his character, as well as an admiration of it.

“ He had been absent two months ;—during these two months, what did she feel !—guess ye, who have experienced the like circumstances, for ye alone can guess !

“ Miss

“ Miss Deroy had received no intelligence of her much loved Henry since this epistle, which he wrote her when just setting off; and which (though badly translated) together with her answer, I recite, as it makes a *part* of their story, and speaks the language of two fond hearts, of seventeen, in *their own way*; and *not* as a specimen of *poetical excellence*.

D

HENRY TO EMILY.

THESE lines, my dearest Emily ! receive,
 This only token can thy Henry give
 Before he leaves his happy native shore,
 And quits the nymph he's fated to adore,
 These lines receive ;—and rest assur'd they prove,
 That Henry ever Emily will love.

Already, from the strand, propitious gales
 Towards England's coast fill all our swelling sails ;
Propitious! did I say ?—Can they be so,
 Which bid me from my Emily to go !
 Which bid me quit—Oh ! torture how severe !—
 All that thy favour'd Harry holdeth dear ?

To

T' improve my health I go:—Can that im-
prove,

When absent, far, from all I prize and love?

One only soothing thought relieves my mind,

That oft' you will (for you were always kind,)

With soft epistles greet your absent friend,

Such as my Emily hath often penn'd,

When the kind muses did her bosom fire,

And bid her tune to love and joy, the lyre.

Do this, my dearest girl! for this alone

Can for your absence, for your loss atone;

Do this, my dearest maid! and, oft again,

To you I'll form the love inspired strain.—

Your lovely image shall my bosom warm,

And rise before my view with every charm;

Close to my breast the precious pledge I'll

wear,

Nor quit it till my Emily lies there.

Adieu ! adieu ! for I can write no more,
The chiding breezes bid us quit the shore ;
Farewel, best girl ! my Emily adieu !
Remember that I hold none dear but you !

HENRY.

“ Two months were elapsed, and Emily had received no intelligence of her beloved Henry ;—each rancorous passion struggled in her bosom ;—her pallid cheeks, and downcast eyes, evinced the distress of her mind ;—doubt, despair, hope, love, chagrin, by turns took possession of her breast ;—suspense the worst, the most poignant of torments, tore her afflicted soul.

A few

“ A few days before we failed, she gave me the following lines, saying, at the same time, with a sigh that came from the bottom of her heart, —“ Heaven is just, my dear Eliza ! I may perhaps again meet the object of all my fond wishes, my dearest Harry ;” — she sunk down on a sofa, and wept.

EMILY to HENRY.

SHOULD *e'er* these lines my long lost Henry
meet,

Yet may my happiness be made complete ;
Yet may I know the joys which once I knew,
Those joys which, Henry, centre all in you.

Two long, sad, cheerless months are pass'd away,
Since that most fatal, that most wretched day ;
When from these tearful eyes, my love was torn,
And left his hapless Emily to mourn ;
When with a last embrace, he bade farewell,
And *looked* what words in vain essay'd to tell.

'Twas then he told me, I should often hear—
That promise did my tortur'd bosom cheer,

In

In many a conflict eas'd my wounded breast,
And often gave the balmy sweets of rest.

Ah ! flattering promises ! no more your charm,
Can this suspecting heart 'gainst trouble arm ;
For not one token hath my Henry sent,
Since from his constant Emily he went ;
Though oft' obedient to his last command,
With anxious doubtings mov'd, this ready hand
Hath form'd the long epistle to my love,
His fate to ask,—his negligence reprove.

One last sad trial boldly now I'll make,
For I that land he visited will seek ;
And there the anxious day and night employ,
To find my life, my love, my only joy !

EMILY.

“ I read these lines, and put them in my pocket.—Thou wilt again be happy, Emily ! said I ;—some unavoidable circumstances have occasioned his silence :—thy letters, as well as his, may have miscarried, or been stopt by some secret enemy ; perhaps thy Harry feels tortures equal to thine, at not hearing from his Emily.—cheer up, my amiable girl ! remember how good a BEING we have to do with, nor withhold thy trust in him ;—all will be well, and Emily and Henry, will yet be happy in the possession of each other.”

“ You are always endeavouring to comfort me, my engaging, good Eli-

za (said she ;)—a few weeks will fix my fate.”

“ About a week after this, we set sail for England.—One little circumstance occurred on our short voyage, which I mention, because it *elucidates* the heart and sentiments of my Emily.

“ When out of sight of land, a little linnet flew on board the ship; which gave rise to the following song, by my friend, and to which I with my *translation* did justice:

THE SONG.

PRETTY, little, feather'd fellow,

Why so *far* from land dost rove ?

What misfortune brought thee hither,

From the gay, embowering grove.

Let thy throbbing breast be still,

Here, secure from danger rest thee ;

No one here, shall use thee ill,

Here, no truant boys molest thee.

Barley corns, and *crumbs of bread*,

Chrystal water too shall cheer thee ;

On *soft sails* recline thy head ;

Sleep, and fear no mischief near thee.

So

So when kindly winds shall speed us,
To the land we wish to see;
Then, sweet captive, thou shalt leave us,
Then among thy groves be free.

There seek thy loving mate and meet her,
Fondly take her to thy breast;
With the luckless story greet her,
How thou cam'st to break her rest.

Tell her how this absence griev'd thee,
Of love unlock thy little store;
Soothe her with caresses sweetly,
And *never* quit her bosom more *.

* This song, a few years after its composition, was set to music by Mr. Vincent, and sung by Miss *Romanzini*, at Ranelagh, and Free Mason's Hall.

“ The metropolis of this celebrated island, we presently reached, and were accommodated with extremely good apartments, at the merchant’s with whom we came over.

“ Miss Deroy, was still unhappy;—her enquiries of every kind after her lost Henry, were answered in the most ambiguous and uncertain way;—her anxiety increased daily, and threw a gloom over our parties of pleasure;—however, this was fortunately somewhat removed, after our being about three weeks in London, by a more certain intelligence than any she had yet received, of his being in Scotland; and, under *pretence* of seeing the country, she

she set off thither, accompanied by a gentleman and his lady, who were her intimate acquaintance.

“ I continued at my relation's the merchant's, and passed my time very happily, in visiting about, and joining in the various amusements that present themselves in London.—The scenes were *novel* to me, and I enjoyed them, —unapprehensive of *thorns*, beneath the *roses*; I danced unsuspectingly down the paths of pleasure.—I then had no idea that the motely groupe around me, were employed,

“ Some to *undo*, and some to be *undone*.”

“ Though this is a *truth*, that hath
been

been *since* most fatally proved to me, and I now clearly discover the many dangers, that surround those, who even never pursued any pleasures, but those which are *called innocent*;—in *themselves* they may be so, but they serve more or less, to dissipate the mind, and obliterate from it its most *amiable*, and *divine* characteristics.

“ My person was such, as I then thought, I had a right to be proud of; and I had the exquisite felicity of seeing myself followed by some of the most splendid and shining characters in London.—Amongst the rest, the affluent and accomplished Edward, paid his addresses, to me.—He was a young gentleman.

gentleman of the most engaging manners, extensive knowledge, and refined sensibility.

“ I received his addresses with that unaffected freedom, and tender attention, which told him the sentiments of my heart, and which I did not mean to conceal from him.

“ My nature was ever averse to any thing disingenuous ; the least appearance of duplicity always shocked me.— I loved Edward ;—I believed he loved me, nor can I *even* now think but he did.—Ah ! how ill requited was my love, my open, unsuspecting affection ! Edward made me the most solemn
promises

promises of eternal fidelity, and every part of his conduct evinced the warmth and truth of his affection.—I firmly believed his professions, and in one of those moments, when we are not accountable for our actions, surrendered my *virtue*, to the man, to whom, if he had asked it, I should have surrendered my life.

“ Soon after this, he suddenly left me;—my Edward was gone nobody knew whither.

“ In this situation, judge what must be my feelings!—How exquisitely miserable! how torn with aggravated tortures my heart! an heart which till then
knew

knew not the throb of unhappiness, nor had ever vibrated but to joy.— Sometimes indeed, in the course of my life, my bosom had heaved for the sufferings of a fellow-being, and a tear bedewed my cheek at the calamities incident to humanity;—but till this moment, I had never really known what trouble was, or been acquainted with any thing more than the name of misery.

“ I retired from the scenes of gaiety and amusement, I had once delighted in, to these calm retreats; to this asylum of distress and misfortune; where I dedicated my days to penitence; and

and determined upon an eternal seclusion from the world.

“ After a severe illness, occasioned by a disagreeable miscarriage, I received the very melancholy intelligence of the death of my parents ; who left me a genteel fortune, and particularly desired I would continue to reside at my aunt’s, where I now am.—They never knew any thing of my misfortunes, and this request of my continuing in England, was made, on account of the political affairs of Italy wearing then a gloomy aspect, and partly on account of their aversion to that nation, and their partiality to the English.

“ This

"This is not (here breaking off) said the lovely stranger, an unfit place for the present, to end my adventures.—Those of my friend Miss Deroy, and Harry, may be related at our next meeting."

We returned her many thanks, and Miss Stevens again earnestly solicited the favour of her company, and repeated how happy she should be in her acquaintance.

After some indifferent conversation we parted.

On our return to Mr. Stevens's, the amiable Miss Stevens, recounted the stranger's.

stranger's narrative, nearly word for word, to that good family; after which, and supper being removed, Mr. Stevens's servant, who had been to the neighbouring village for letters, brought one from Wilmot; which the impatience of the company would not permit Benson to run over *first* himself, but insisted on its being immediately read out.

" MY DEAR BENSON,

Oxford.

" HAD not a variety of pressing engagements prevented, I should before now have answered your last *Shandean* epistle. You are particularly happy at exhibiting the *laughable* side of human nature;—it is not my *fort*, you know, and it suits very well that it is *not* for the recital that I am now going to give you; which is a continuation of the history of Mr. Jones, for that is the name of the amiable and sensible young fellow I took up on the road.

" After

“ After dinner, and taking a chearful glafs with Newton, at the inn where I laft wrote to you, we again purfued our journey.—When we were agreeably feated, and had made fome obfervations on our repaft, company at the inn, &c. &c. Jones refumed his narrative—preceded with many grateful remarks on my friendship and attention to him :”—

“ Bath was the laft place where we made any confiderable ftay ; here we figured away in the moft fplendid and fashionable manner. Here my companion, Mifs M——, one evening, after returning from a grand entertainment at the rooms, *thus* addreffed me :

“ I have

“ I have this evening received a
“ letter from a near relation, in a dif-
“ tant part of the nation; by which I
“ find a very handsome fortune is fal-
“ len to my share: as this is the case,
“ I think it my duty to return to the
“ paths from which I have strayed,
“ more through *necessity* than *inclination*;
“ and devote the remainder of my
“ days to a life a little more becoming
“ a human creature, and a *candidate*
“ for *eternal felicity*, than some of the
“ latter years of it.

“ I cannot deny that I have had for
“ you a very solicitous friendship, and
“ a very tender regard; and I shall al-
“ ways be happy to hear of your hap-
“ piness.

“ pincfs. You know beft, whether
“ it is to be attained by purfuing
“ the paths you now do, or thofe of
“ virtue. In this matter, I fancy,
“ your judgment will decide with
“ mine.—’Tis not without much re-
“ gret I leave you; you have been to
“ me a fond and generous keeper;—
“ I fhall not forget your kindneffes.”

“ Here ſhe took the liberty, after
making ſome fuitable apologies, to
defcant upon ſome parts of my con-
duct, to communicate to me ſome
friendly advice, and to caution me
very particularly againſt various irre-
gularities of which I was guilty.

“ There

“ There is *one* (says she,) to which
“ your attachment increases very ra-
“ pidly—that is, GAMING! the most
“ pernicious and baneful of vices!—
“ ruin is the certain consequence of
“ it.—Let me intreat you, Jones, by
“ all that is sacred! let me intreat you
“ to give over so destructive a prac-
“ tice.—If you ever had any regard
“ for your M——, hear what she says
“ on this subject: Cease, cease, to fol-
“ low so wicked a pursuit; I intreat
“ you, in the most earnest manner,
“ discontinue so iniquitous a con-
“ duct, lest some future day you should
“ have the bitter reflection of percei-
“ ving yourself undone, and driven to
“ irretrievable distress, by persevering

E

“ In

“ in a fashion, which *even* your mis-
“ trefs predicted to you, would inevi-
“ tably be your ruin.

“ The *infernal regions* alone, could
“ have supplied mankind with so com-
“ plete a method to prove *eternally de-*
“ *structive*, both to *individuals* and the
“ *community*.

“ These remarks I make before we
“ part, solely with a view to your pre-
“ sent and future happiness;—they
“ are dictated purely by an heart which
“ hath been too much attached to
“ you, and are the real sentiments of
“ a bosom fraught with gratitude for
“ the series of favours I have received
from

“ from you.—Very probably we shall
“ never meet again ; and I am very
“ confident, we shall look back on
“ this last, this parting scene, with
“ much more peace of mind, and the
“ *retrospect* of it will be far more satisfac-
“ tory, if we employ it in a candid
“ disclosure of our sentiments ;—
“ warning each other against the vices
“ of the age, and using all the argu-
“ ments we can, to persuade each
“ other, to shun the delusive solici-
“ tations of folly, and of error ; and
“ embrace the permanent and immu-
“ table dictates of truth and of wisdom.”

“ She ceased,—the tears stood in
her eyes.—My dear M—— (says I,)

I am surprised at this address of yours, nor am I less pleased with it. —I sincerely regard you, and ever shall, for the attention your conduct hath ever exhibited for my interest, and happiness;—may you experience every blessing, says I, weeping, and taking her fondly in my arms:—It was the *last* time, and if I ever felt my heart warmed with a love of goodness, it was then; nor did my M——, ever appear so truly engaging before.—Kind and gentle creature! if thou art yet living, may peace the constant meed of virtue, and tranquility, the certain attendants of the good, be thy fellow-inhabitants. Heaven, hath, I trust, given thee to experience those charms

charms of virtue which were ever dear to thee; for though thy *practices* were not always consonant to her sacred laws, yet thy *heart* ever revered and loved her precepts.

“ I came to London soon after my separation from Miss M——; I was hurt at losing her; and it was by way of dissipating a certain chagrin, and anxiety, that hung about me, that I flew to those scenes of hurry, folly, and amusement, which in that city engage the attention, and serve to keep at a distance, that greatest enemy to the man of pleasure—REFLECTION.

“ I was the sworn votary of fashion,
and was constantly foremost in the circle of her followers ;—but it would not do,—I felt too poignantly the truth of the poet’s observation :

The man whom virtue does not bind,
No real comfort knows ;
Nor e’er enjoys that peace of mind
Which innocence bestows.

In folly’s most licentious scenes,
Amidst its choicest hours ;
Reproaching conscience intervenes,
And every transport fours.

“ My heart told me, that

In vain I flew to *crowds* and *courts*,
Guilt every bliss destroys ;
Intruded on my morning sports,
And *damp’d* my evening joys *.

* These lines are taken from a charming old ballad, called HENRY and ELIZA.

“ I was ever busied in dissipation of some kind, and though I endeavoured all I could, I found myself unhappy.—The parting, and interesting conversation with Miss M——, was soon obliterated from my breast, or at least the attention to it; and that most *curst*, that most fatal vice, which she so warmly, and strenuously cautioned me against, I was the most guilty of, and pursued the most rapidly—GAMING.

“ It is the *prevalent* vice of the age, and is *more* destructive than any other;—the *old*, and the *young*;—the *affluent*, and *indigent*;—the *wise*, and *foolish*, are all equally enamoured of it, and follow it with unremitting fervency.

“ The wretch who loses all at the *gaming table*, finds no relief under the torture of his reflections, but from the *bottle*, or *pistol*; leaving an undone family, to drag through a life of poverty and misery, whose fortune would have raised them, had it not been for his *monstrous iniquity*, to affluence and honour.

“ GAMING is the source, whence spring the major part of the evils of life, and it cannot be too much decried, or held in too great abhorrence. —It is not peculiarly destructive to our own sex, but it is one of the foulest stains in the character of “ Heaven’s last best gift.” —It sours their
temper,

temper, ruins their domestic felicity, and not unfrequently, makes their virtue a *sacrifice* to its rapacious demands.

“ In the catalogue of human vices it stands *first*;—but the fatal and ruinous consequences attendant on it, have been by so many thousands experienced, and in *this* nation in particular, are so well known, I may forbear any strictures on it.

“ I come now to a recital of that part of my life, over which I would gladly throw a veil;—that part of my life, at which I see virtue shuddering with affright; and vice hailing me as her noblest champion.

" Ill fated period !——
 " —— let that night,
 " That guilty night, be blotted from the year !
 " Let not the voice of mirth or music know it !
 " Let it be dark and desolate, no stars
 " To glitter o'er it ;—let it wish for light,
 " Yet want it still, and vainly wait the dawn,
 " For 'twas the night that gave me up to
 flame !"

" I had not been many months in
 London, before all my attention was
 taken up, and all my time and powers
 employed, to win the love, and en-
 gage the affection of Miss Faulkner, a
 young foreigner of uncommon beauty
 and sensibility.—Such were her perso-
 nal charms, that it was impossible to
 look at her without exclaiming with
 Otway,

" Angels are painted fair to look like you ;"

and

and such her mental qualifications, that they beggar all description.

“ I hope you will spare my feelings the particulars of a recital, that shocks my inmost soul, and reflects such dishonour on my character, as never can be done away.—Suffice it to say then, after practising every mode, that passion could suggest, or ingenuity put into execution; I obtained the accomplishment of my wishes.—By this time I had thrown away my whole fortune in *gaming*, and being continually troubled with applications from my creditors, of a nature that I could not answer, I was obliged to leave England, and retire to France.—Judge what I

felt, judge what I now feel; to quit thus suddenly, in such a situation, a young lady I really loved, and who I had reason to think, loved me;—to ruin her, and leave her;—Heavens! *how inhuman!*—*how devilish!*—this hath embittered, and will embitter, every future moment of my life; especially, as on my return to London, I was informed she *died* some time after I left England.—This intelligence exceedingly augmented my unhappiness; for was she *living*, I might perhaps make some atonement;—I would at least find her out, submit myself to her mercy, and devote the rest of my life to her pleasure and service.

“ Miss

“ Miss Faulkner was all that is amiable, endearing, and good.—I shall always venerate such unequalled goodness and virtue, as her character exhibited.—Gracious Heaven! I should think myself supremely happy, only to be directed to her *tomb*, that I might weep over it.”—Here he paused some time, and the sigh of melancholy remembrance escaped his bosom, and the tear of severe retrospection bedewed his cheeks;—wiping them away, he continued:—

“ These are the most interesting incidents of my life, of which I have given you a short detail.

“ I am

“ I am now come to a conclusion, for nothing particular occurred after my return from France, except what I have related, but my visit to my uncle, and being overtaken by you on the hill.—Had not this very fortunate circumstance have happened, Heaven knows ! what steps I might have taken, and how much more diversified with strange and distressing adventures, the remaining part of my life might have been.—Still the sport of fortune, and the child of misery, it might have been my lot to suffer more than I yet have ;—and to make an end of those sufferings, I might probably have had recourse to the frequent refuge of the extremely unhappy ; and
deprived

deprived myself of an existence, that became insupportable.

“Death is the kind assylum of the unfortunate and distressed :

“Thither the poor, the prisoner, and the mourner,

“Fly for relief, and lay their burdens down.”

“These little incidents in the life of an individual, are a proof of that undeniable truth, the mention of which *gave rise* to the relation of them ;

“To be good, is to be happy :”

a truth which neither the sophistry of arguments, or the idle declamations

tions of the depraved, will ever be able to do away. The dissipated and the vicious evince it in their conduct ; and will, if they dare speak out, ingenuously tell you, that amidst all their *parade* of pleasure, they do *not* possess,

“ The soul’s calm sun-shine, and the heartfelt joy.”

“ It is truly said,

“ There is no peace with the wicked.”

“ And our great moral poet never wrote a sweeter, or truer line, than this,

“ For, Peace, O Virtue! Peace is all thy own.”

“ Here

" Here my companion thanked me for my kindneffes and friendly behaviour to him, in that easy and frank manner which always accompanies a great soul; and we launched imperceptibly into much conversation on many indifferent matters, till we reached London.

" As I would not, my dear Benson ! extend my letter to a tedious length, or call your attention one moment unnecessarily from the many very agreeable scenes you now enjoy in the company of the worthy and amiable family you are visiting; I shall not trouble you with any farther accounts of my journey, or of my companion.

panion at present ; only, that I intend
he shall continue with me at Oxford,
as my companion and friend.

" Give my cordial wishes, and affectionate remembrance, to the good people you are with. I anticipate with much pleasure my visit to them.

" Adieu, BENSON !

" JACK WILMOT."

Benson received the hearty thanks of the company for favouring them with reading Wilmot's letter.—They were much pleased with its contents, and delighted with the adventures of Jones.—They rejoiced at the intended visit of the good and accomplished young baronet; which pleasure was considerably increased by the expectation that Jones would *accompany* him.—They were, upon the whole, prejudiced in favour of his character, and much wished to see him; nor did they fail to intreat Benson to beg that Jones might be his companion on his visit to them.

Before

Before we retired to rest, Miss Stevens desired, that the next evening might be appointed to visit the bower of the amiable, and unfortunate Elizabeth.

We were *surrounded*, she said, by novel adventures; and she should suffer anxious disquietude, till she heard the *termination* of some of them;—her curiosity was *awake*, and she should feel herself unhappy till she heard the fate of Henry, and his dear Emily.

It was one of those delectable evenings which the pen of a Thomson, and the pencil of a Smith, have often so enchantingly described;—when every
object

object around inspires calmness and serenity;—when all the beauties of nature, pressing on the heart, vibrate through every nerve in our system, and attune the soul to joy; that Miss Stevens, Benson, and myself, set off for the arbour.

To those, O Nature! who value thee above all things, it was impossible but the loveliness of the evening must make a part of the conversation.—It was impossible, for a soul susceptible as Miss Stevens's, whose mind was as harmonious as the scene around us, not to dwell on every charm, and expatiate with ecstacy on the beauties of a country, which nature

ture had done more than common for.
—She repeated to us Collins's divine ode to Evening ; and some of the finest descriptions of that season, which our best poets have given :—and Benson, recited from his favourite author, such elegant, accurate, and masterly pictures, as the pen of a Thomson alone could pourtray.

As we approached nearer the bower, Eliza herself, became the subject of conversation ; each of us said something in her praise, and extolled her by turns. We had scarcely done, when we saw her walking at a distance down a path which winded towards us. She held a book in her hand, which
she

She sometimes read, and then looked off, as if enamoured with the scene around her.

A large oak, which had been lately felled, afforded us an agreeable seat; and while we waited for her coming up, Miss Stevens sung us the following little song, written by Benson, the preceding evening:

SONG.

How *sweet*, when the nightingale sings from
yon grove,

When the moon is *half bid* o'er the hill;

When nothing is heard but the *whispers of love*,

And the *sound of the far distant rill*.

How *sweet*, with the friend of our bosom to stray,

'Midst scenes such as *these* to commune:

And quitting the *glitter*, and *bustle* of day,

Mend the heart, and the *passions attune*.

May *this oft* be our lot, so *wisdom* divine,

Shall lead us a *flowery way*;

So our *morning* of life shall *brilliantly* shine.

And its evening be *cloudless* and *gay*.

The

The loveliness of the evening, and the earliness of the hour, she said, had seduced her to stray beyond her usual limits, and she was making a small circle before she repaired to her favourite seat.

Eliza was remarkably chearful, and as we walked on, joined in the conversation with a great deal of spirit and good humour.

She met us very fortunately, she said, for it was but the day before, she received a letter from Miss Deroy, which would enable her to make good her promise satisfactorily, of giving

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us

us the continuation of her, and her Henry's good and ill fortune;—but she would defer the reading it, till we reached the bower.

We had not been long seated, when Eliza, by our desire, began Emily's letter.

" MY DEAR ELIZA!

" London.

" WILL you believe me, my amiable friend! when I tell you, I am writing this letter, whilst my dearest Harry is fitting beside me.—It is really so, Eliza, and I know thy little heart beats quick with joy, at the intelligence.

" Your good soul is susceptible of all those refined sensations, which do our nature so much honour; and I am well convinced, you have wiped away every little chagrin which my silence

may have occasioned, and hushed every accusation of your Emily.—You will be happy to think she hath made *so much* of her time ;—nor will you be able to chide her for a separation and silence, which hath been *so well* employed.

“ I know thy worthy heart, my dear girl ! and I know thou felicitates me on an expedition, which, by the strange providence I will recount to thee, was productive of my *meeting* with my much loved, and long lost Harry !

“ Heaven has to all, allotted soon or late,

“ Some lucky revolutions of their fate ;

“ Whose motions, if they watch and guide with skill,

[“ (For human good depends on human will,)

“ Our

" Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
 " And from the first impression takes the bent ;
 " But if unseized, she glides away like wind,
 " And leaves repenting folly far behind.

DRYDEN.

" I have often told thee, Eliza, and
 I am every day more convinced of the
 truth of the observation, that the allot-
 ments of that BEING, who gives to all
 his creatures a proper distribution of
 good and ill, ought never to be com-
 plained of; nor is there so great *ine-*
quality in the distribution as is general-
 ly imagined.

" I am often reminded of the Spa-
 nish proverb,—“ *Prosperity damns more*
souls than adversity;” and if I may

F 3

judge

judge from my own feelings, I must contend for the truth of it.

“ David himself said—“ it is good for me that I have been afflicted.”

“Adversity and ill-fortune serve materially to *wean* us from earth ; they teach us the force and truth of that line of the admirable Dr. Young ;

“ All build *too low*, who build *beneath* the skies ;”

they bid us look forward with welcome anticipation, towards that existence, where every tear shall be wiped away, and the soul enjoy the most permanent felicity ; and *this* is the reason, why
the

the sons and daughters of *adversity*, and those who have been schooled in affliction, express so little *regret* at leaving a state of being, which holds out nothing that is dear to them; and constantly reminds them how the scene will be *bettered* when they leave it.

“ Adversity is the only real trial of worth; and nothing can be truer than what the immortal Shakespeare says,

“ In struggling with misfortunes,
“ Lies the true proof of virtue.”

“ Mr. Rowe, in his excellent tragedy of Tamerlane, observes,

“ In adversity,
“ The mind grows rough by buffeting the
tempest;

F 4

“ Bu t

“ But in success, dissolving sinks to ease,

“ And loses all its firmness.”

“ How different is it with the favourites of fortune and prosperity?—their riches and possessions, and their consequent advantages in the world, naturally, and almost unavoidably, make it *dear* to them; and they look with tearful eyes, and fearful hearts, to the moment when they must *leave* their dirty gold, which makes them they *falsely* and *foolishly* think, so *superior* to the rest of mankind.

“ You never knew a miser, or a very avaricious man, in your life, but trembled at the idea of *quitting* this world;—they are truly

“ Slaves

———“ Slaves who ne’er knew mercy ;
 “ Sour, unrelenting, money-loving villains,
 “ Who laugh at human nature, and forgive-
 nefs ;
 “ And are like fiends, the factors for destruc-
 tion.”

“ You never knew a *money-loving man*,
 and one who was fond of earthly great-
 nefs, but dreaded to *quit* that world,
 which his full bags *alone* gave
 him consequence in.—*Property! pro-*
perty! false notions of property, make
an hell on earth.

Now, Eliza, I know you will frown,
 and though you will accede to the pro-
 priety of my remarks, you will be
 peevish and disconcerted, at their be-
 ing thrown into the way of my story.

“ Well then, you shall have it without any farther trial of your patience, unless my pen should run retrograde; and if it does, I assure you I cannot stop it, for it is a *descendant* of poor Yorick’s! —“ it governs me, I govern not it.”

“ You recollect at the time I left London, our new married friends, Mr. and Mrs. Manrick, were going a tour of pleasure, to see their relations and acquaintance, in the northern and western parts of England.

“ It happened most opportunely for me, they were to make Edinburgh in their way;—there lived a distant
[relation

relation of Harry's, and there I had a direction to him.

"It was going to be sure, upon an uncertainty, but *hope*, that most cheary of all companions was the associate of my way, and I set off in very good spirits.

"It was impossible to undertake such a journey with more agreeable companions than Mr. and Mrs. Manrick;—they are completely happy.—Their union, Eliza! verifies to me, an observation I have made for some years past, and which I now as firmly believe as ever I did,—that a *long* acquaintance *before* marriage, in which

the parties have had to brave *adversity* and *misfortune*, and to *surmount difficulties*; necessarily work together to produce *permanent felicity*, when their union is *effected*.

“ The happiest marriages (says the great Hume) to be sure, are to be found, where love, by a long acquaintance, is consolidated into friendship.”

“ There is nothing, perhaps, which gives the human mind greater pleasure, than sudden and unexpected meetings, under fortunate and propitious circumstances.—My dear Harry and I experienced the truth of this observation.

“ Our

“ Our journey was rendered perfectly agreeable, by every accommodation we could wish: and instead of flying through the country in that uncomfortable way, that *Jehu-like* mode of travelling which is now so much in fashion, and so characteristic of those *little* people who are called the *great*; we took every opportunity of leaving the high road, to take a view of the many elegant seats, villas, and gardens, that abound in that part of England.

“ Had not my mind been much agitated by anticipation, and my ideas ever flying forward on the wing of expectation; in short, had I not been
in

110 THE EVENING WALK ;

in pursuit of my dear, and long lost Henry, I should have enjoyed much more this delectable route.

“ There is such a union of souls, Eliza ; as we have often asserted there is ; and all those tender refinements, those heavenly sensations,—those more than human sensibilities, which have so often been the subject of our conversation, do really exist in some bosoms ;—they do exist, in the bosoms of my valuable, and most amiable fellow-travellers.—They prove the blessings Thomson so sweetly describes ;

“ Where friendship full exerts her softest power,

“ Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire

“ Ineffable,

A SENTIMENTAL TALE. 112

- " Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
" Thought meeting thought, and will prevent-
ing will,
" With boundless confidence, for nought but
love,
" Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

" Such happy beings do indeed
often feelingly exclaim with our poet,

-
- " What is the world to us ?
" Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all ;
" Who in each other clasp whatever fair
" High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can
wish ;
" Something than beauty dearer, do we look,
" Or on the mind, or mind illumin'd face,
" Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and
love,
" The richest bounty of indulgent heaven."

" Favoured mortals ! yours are the
undecaying treasures of the mind, yours
" the

“ the smile of conscious virtue ; ” — you indeed experience, that

“ One *self-approving hour*, *whole years outweighs*,

“ Of *stupid starers*, and of *loud buzzas*.

“ Hail favoured *few* ! but it would not have done to have peopled earth with such beings as you are ; our system was wisely ordered to be kept going by souls of a very different complexion ; and the groupe is principally made up by the children of avarice, ambition, and enterprize.

“ Hail favoured *few* ! though you feel, and know your *own* consequence, and happiness, the crowd at large
think

think you mere cyphers in the creation.

“ The man of wealth, and the money-getting man, will *sneer* as he pronounces your names, because you are not amassing thousands as he is.

“ The man of fashion and dissipation, will call you people *nobody knows*; and because he does not meet you constantly at the *opera-house*, the *gaming-table*, the *drawing-room*, and the *watering-places*;—“ you are meer *boors*, *stupid petrifying wretches*; and monstrously *outré*.”

The *poor* indeed, the distressed, and the children of sorrow, will *bless* you when they mention you; the *good* and the
wife,

wife, will give you their benediction ;
and the *angels of heaven* will bestow on
you the *smile of approbation*.

“ We laid ourselves up, for two or
three days at a large and pleasantly
situated inn, in the neighbourhood of
York.

“ One afternoon, finding myself
poorly, I begged Mr. and Mrs. Man-
rick would excuse my declining to ac-
company them, in a little excursion
they were going to take.

“ Towards evening, I felt myself
revived, and strayed into the garden,
with an heart full of various reflections.

“ I began

“ I began to feel uneasy sensations, at the slowness of our progress towards the supposed residence of Harry.—I wished to be rid of the unhappiness suspense gave me, and *decidedly* to know my fate.

“ In this humour, I sat down in a very reclusive seat, thickly shaded with woodbines and honey-suckles, and involuntarily as it were, took my pencil from my pocket, and cloathed in the following lines, the feelings of my soul.

To all my wishes heaven be kind,

Propitious to me prove ;

Nor let me longer search in *vain*,

The man I dearly love.

Give

Give to my arms the long lost youth,

Nor let this heaving breast ;

Nor *longer* throb with anxious doubt,

Deprived of balmy rest.

No longer let me round the earth,

Misfortune's victim rove ;

A sacrifice to gloom of mind,

And disappointed love.

Grant that this journey may secure

What all my hopes would have ;

O realize each flattering wish,

And save me from the grave.

Bid anxious *doubt* forsake my soul,

And dire *suspense* no more

Make this sad heart perpetual sigh,

These eyes with tears run o'er.

Give

Give to my *arms* the long lost youth,

And all my cares shall cease ;

The joys of love shall fill my heart,

And all my soul be *peace*.

“ There is a satisfaction even in pouring out one's thoughts upon paper.—I was easier after I had scribbled the above ; I put the pencil, and the lines in my pocket together, and taking out a little volume of poems lately published, I amused myself for some time.

“ I had not been reading long, when I was frightened into a swoon, by the sudden and hasty entrance of my beloved Harry ; who fell on his knees at
my

my feet, and seizing my hand, exclaimed aloud,—“ Good God! my Emily, do I indeed behold you !”

“ When I recovered, I found myself in the inn, surrounded by my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Manrick, my own beloved Henry, and another gentleman.

“ I was some time before I could compose myself at all ;—when I did, after a mutual embrace, he related to me the strange and providential manner in which he met with me.

“ He was returning to London, with the gentleman his friend on horse-back,

back, and they were stopping to bait at the inn we were at.—After refreshing themselves, they walked into the garden, and fortunately, by the *very* bower in which I was sitting.—He was distracted, and overwhelmed with joy, at the sight of me, he said, and could not avoid the sudden and abrupt way in which he flew to me.

“But how, Emily, came you here!—How long have you been in England!—and a thousand such questions he asked me.

“Our feelings were all *alive*;—we were lost in *wonder, amazement, and rapture*;—it seemed all a dream, and
 though

though we *knew* we were together, we *doubted*.

“ To satisfy his impatience, while our friends walked into another room, I told him briefly the circumstances of my story, since we parted.—He was all attention ;—I saw the agitations of his soul in his face, as he wiped the silent drops from his florid cheeks.—Our not having heard from each other, still remained a mystery, as he assured me he had frequently written.

“ After being in London a month or two, and finding his health on the decline, he removed to a situation he had now left ; where fortunately, he
had

had acquired that robustness, and glow of health, which he possessed when I first knew him.

“ And where were you travelling to now, Henry? said I:—“ To thy arms, Emily,” he replied;—“ I should have staid but a day or two in London, and then have set off for France.—I have had ten thousand distracting doubts, about whether you were really living, or what might be become of you.—Your *constancy* indeed, I never doubted;—*here*, I believe our feelings were reciprocal:”—“ They *were*,” I replied, shedding tears of gratitude and joy.

G

Such

“ Such a meeting as *this*, my Eliza !
is worth whole ages of *common* enjoy-
ment.

“ O *Almighty Love* ! Parent of socie-
ty !—what do mankind owe to thee !—
without *thy* influence we had continued
in our original barbarity.—Great source
of *human felicity* ! from thee flows all
that *endears*, or *adorns* life ;—the *desire*
to *excel*, the *study to please*, the *fond*
wish, the *gay hope*, the *transporting joy*,
the *sweet distress* ;—all the *benevolencies*,
all the *charities*, all the *graces* ;—*what-*
ever delights the heart, or *warms the ima-*
gination.

“ The next morning I told Mr. and
Mrs.

Mrs Manrick, that, as I had obtained the *prize* I was travelling *after*, I should beg leave to *return* to town.

“ We parted with very many mutual good wishes.

“ The gentlemen ordered their horses to be led on, and took post-chaise to town.

“ It is impossible to conceive the joy of our friends in London, at seeing us together; and the more so, as it was the wish of my parents, in several letters they had written, that our union might be effected in England, if we met, and Harry's health was restored.

“ Generous and kind parents!—
Eliza, I know will excuse my digressing, to pay to them the faithful tribute of love and affection ;—they deserve it, for they wished for nothing but the *real welfare* of their daughter, and were not susceptible, of the *iniquitous desire* of uniting her to affluence, instead of happiness.

“ In the course of a week, or two, the hands and hearts of your Emily and Henry, will be *eternally* joined.—The first visit we shall make into the country, shall be to embrace you.

“ Adieu ELIZA!

“ Says your affectionate, and happy

“ EMILY.”

We each expressed our obligations to Eliza, for the pleasure she had given us, in communicating the contents of her amiable friend, Emily's letter;—and there was no part of the intelligence, delighted us more, than the promise of her visit; for in that case we all flattered ourselves we should see the fond pair, whose adventures had afforded us so much entertainment.

Eliza, promised to introduce them to us.

The evening was far advanced;—and we parted with many assurances of tender regard.

Our return to Mr. Stevens's was particularly welcome, as the family much wished to know the result of our walk.

Miss Stevens took upon herself the office of relator, and they were highly gratified with the adventures she recited, and the farther description she gave of the most accomplished Eliza.

Our usual amusements, after the hour of walking, now took place ; for in this family, the pleasures of the day such as walking,—riding,—hunting,—shooting,—fishing, &c. were always succeeded, by the sweet domestic ones,
of

of music,—reading,—writing,—and edifying diversions.

Instruction and entertainment, ever went hand in hand with us, and good nature, and innocent mirth, were the constant companions of our happy circle.

This evening, the ladies, who were at work, insisted on Benson looking over his papers, and treating them with some of his own productions.—They knew he was an humble servant of the muses, and would not be refused.—He said he would not run the hazard of their displeasure, and soon

produced from his hoard the following little poem.

He would make no apology for its imperfections, he said, but its real one, that it was written when he was only *seventeen* years of age.

MIRA:

A

POETIC TALE,

HUMBLY ADDRESSED

TO YOUNG LADIES.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
Charms strike the sight, but *merit* wins the soul.

POPE.

——— O wretch! possess'd of all but *virtue*;
Doom'd to shew, how mean without her, is
Unbounded power, the charm of beauty, and
The blaze of state;—how insecure of happiness!
How vain!

Glover's LEONIDAS.

MIP

POETIC TALE

TO TOLINE LADIES

THE TOLINE LADIES

THE TOLINE LADIES

THE TOLINE LADIES

THE TOLINE LADIES

THE TOLINE LADIES

THE TOLINE LADIES

THE TOLINE LADIES

THE TOLINE LADIES

THE TOLINE LADIES

MIRA,

A

POETIC TALE.

MIRA, with every beauty charm'd the sight,
 Was form'd for pleasure, finish'd for delight;
 In her fair face, the glow of health appear'd,
 Her smiles at once enraptur'd and ensnar'd;
 Exact proportion grac'd the lovely maid,
 And all her gestures some new charm display'd:
 Each youth with rapture view'd her as divine,
 And *e'en* the nymphs exclaimed, how fair! how
 fine!

What pity that a *casket* rich like this,
 Where to the outward eye, nought seem'd amiss,
 Should bear about a giddy, idle *mind*,
 Rude, insusceptible, and unrefin'd.

Tho' MIRA every personal charm possesse,
 Though admiration all who saw confesse,
 Yet gain'd she not esteem in any breast:

Thoughtless, capricious, volatile, and gay,
 In folly's mazes ever wont to stray;
 Giddy with adulation's poisonous fume,
 Study of dress, did most her hours consume.
 Her vestments in positions new to change,
 And how her brilliant jewels to arrange;
 Such arts as these employ'd her time, and care,
 In these fair MIRA ! outshone all the fair.

Sometimes her auburn tresses she would braid,
 With rich adornings negligently laid ;

With

With nicest art bid each the other grace,
 And add new beauties to her beauteous face:
 Sometimes adown her neck they wanton play'd,
 And o'er her azure robe, with sporting breezes
 stray'd.

Transparent veils her bosom shaded o'er;
 With art was made the flowing dress she wore,
 To attract the enamour'd gazer, and display,
 In part, resplendant charms that stole the soul away.

One evening when the sultry day was fled,
 And setting SOL had sought his watry bed;
 Amidst the garden's blooming scenes she stray'd,
 And there beneath a gay pavillion's shade,
 Stretch'd on a *sofa* lay reclin'd at ease,
 And ruminated on new ways to please;
 To enlarge her conquests, to increase her charms,
 And make contending rivals, rise in arms:

When

When, lo ! a vision from on high appear'd,
And the scar'd nymph these words with trembling
heard :

“ INSTRUCTION, am I called, (she said) attend,
“ And listen to the dictates of a friend ;
“ I am descended from the blest abodes,
“ From the high mansions of the immortal gods,
“ To teach thee wisdom, from destruction's doom
“ To snatch thee, and innumerable ills to come.

“ Depend not, giddy MIRA ! lovely fair,
“ On fleeting beauty, nor so large a share
“ Of time let dress and coquetry employ,
“ A slight disease can all thy charms destroy ;
“ Admitting this may never be the case,
“ And that disease may ne'er thy charms deface ;
“ Approaching age, thy beauties will decay,
“ And all thy blooming graces steal away ;

“ Thy

" Thy rosy cheeks will shrivell'd grow and
coarse,

" And those love-darting eyes lose all their force;

" Thy stately form all conquering time shall bend,

" No loves or graces shall thy steps attend;

" Then those who lov'd thee once shall shun thy
fight,

" And flee thee with amazement and affright.

" Why, prithee, why so anxious still to grace,

" Thy outward form, and that too lovely face;

" These will decay, ah! these will perish soon,

" As drooping flowers in the heat of noon;

" Whilst thy immortal, thy unpolish'd mind,

" *Unornamented, barren, unrefin'd,*

" Resembles much, the dreary desert, where

" No signs of increase, but rank weeds appear.

" Consider

" Consider ere it be to late, attend,
 " Daughter of pleasure, to thy heavenly friend ;
 " I come from realms above to make thee wife,
 " Better, more lovely, fitter for the skies.

" Watch thy behaviour with the strictest eye,
 " Nor e'er encourage pride and levity ;
 " Banish self-admiration from thy breast,
 " Learn to be humble if thou would'st be blest :
 " Not conscious of thy many charms appear,
 " Thus every charm a better grace shall wear ;
 " Be in thy person, and apparel neat,
 " Plainness in dress, is elegance complete."

" Dare not to censure those who're not so fair,
 " Whose outward beauties not so numerous
 are ;

" Tho' they, like thee, do not conspicuous shine,
 " They may have graces far excelling thine.

" I give

- " I give thee this ! the TALISMAN of truth !
" This shall direct thy steps in age and youth ;
" In this, at all times, thou wilt plainly see,
" Both what thou art, and what thou shouldest be.
" As long as virtue shall thy actions grace,
" This shall reflect the brightest, loveliest face ;
" But when aught vicious shall disgrace thy heart,
" And make thee from INSTRUCTION's rules
depart,
" An ugly form shall instantly appear,
" And every limb an odious aspect wear."

She ceas'd ; and toward her native region made,
And left astonish'd MIRA in the shade ;
Depriv'd of speech, in her pale face appear'd
Emotions *different*, as the things she heard.
When sage INSTRUCTION told her she was *fair*,
She instantly assum'd each *pleasing air* ;

Her

Her eyes with pleasure sparkled, every grace,
She called at once into her lovely face ;
But when she told her fell disease might come,
And that decrepitude would be her doom ;
She shudder'd, trembled, look'd as pale as death,
Tears gush'd adown her cheeks, she sigh'd at
every breath.

When told that those who now admir'd and lov'd,
Would soon by different sentiments be mov'd,
And when her charms were fled, no more they'd
cry,

“ We'll live for MIRA, or for MIRA die.”

Here *madness* seiz'd her frame, she rag'd and swore,
Her auburn tresses in disorder tore.

When she assur'd her she would be more fair,
By making her advice her only care ;

Her heart with rapture beat, her bosom mov'd,
Her soul INSTRUCTION, and her precepts lov'd.

When

When simple dress her various praises shar'd,
 She *discontented* look'd, she wildly stared;
 Yet still she thought INSTRUCTION better knew,
 And said, I'll keep her lessons in my view.

Scarce had pale CYNTHIA twice her journey
 made,

When youthful CLEON, MIRA's charms survey'd.
 CLEON was form'd to captivate and charm,
 His presence would the coldest bosom warm;
 Taste, wit, and genius, CLEON these were thine,
 Born all thy young cotemporaries to outshine.

Such was the youth whom MIRA dar'd with-
 stand;

He shall not yet, she said, obtain my hand;
 And then applied to each coquettish art,
 To enslave, distress him, and to wound his heart;
 To make despair, and hope, alternate move,
 And fill his bosom with tumultuous love;

Each

Each artifice she could devise, employ'd,
And thus her future peace of mind destroy'd ;
This CLEON saw, his passion soon subdued,
And now with fixt contempt her manners view'd.

When thus forsaken, doubtful of the cause,
Towards INSTRUCTION's talisman she draws ;
And there an hideous monster straight appear'd,
And now that idol self, to see, she fear'd ;
INSTRUCTION's lessons crowded on her sight,
And all her foolish conduct brought to light ;
Remorse, disgust, repentance seized her heart,
" From ways like these, I must, I will depart ;
" To merit CLEON's love again I'll try,
" Nor thus his pressing, tender suit deny."

Thus she resolv'd, and soon each *roseate* grace,
Brighten'd her form, and beautified her face ;

But

But ah ! too late, for now ELIZA's charms,
Were doom'd to bless the noble CLEON's arms.

ELIZA's beauties not so striking were,
Yet more engaging, more serenely fair ;
MIRA with radiant dazzling splendor shone,
Like burning *Sol's* refulgent beams at noon ;
ELIZA's charms were like *his evening* ray,
From hence departing, to give others day ;
Unconscious of those charms she shone supreme,
And won of all, love, friendship, or esteem.

CLEON her personal beauties much approv'd,
But more the graces of her mind he lov'd ;
Fixt was the day to bless this happy pair,
And ope on MIRA's soul fresh scenes of care.

Now to bring back her lover's all her aim,
And blast the worthy, fair ELIZA's fame ;

For

For this, the confidential maid comes in,
A maid long practised in the ways of sin,
She for her mistress many a lie hath told,
Willing to be e'en vice's slave for gold.

MIRA her wicked counsel thus imparts,
(And calls forth all her mean disgraceful arts ;)
Go now, and be awhile ELIZA's slave,
Mind my instructions, as I wish, behave ;
Do all you can to please by day and night,
And strive in every thing to give delight ;
Thus she'll a confidence in you repose,
Hear with attention what I now disclose ;
Be it your business ever to surmise,
And hint to CLEON fears and jealousies ;
ELIZA's conduct thou must paint as true,
In blackest colours to his jealous view ;

Distress

Distress and care will break his wonted rest,
 And fill with great anxiety his breast.
 'Tis done, already done, the maid succeeds,
 And hateful MIRA's vengeful temper feeds;
 But, ah! REFLECTION still attends the fair,
 Still is her troubled bosom torn with care;
 Yet some small gleam of hope illumines her breast,
 Again I may by CLEON be carested,
 Perhaps he does not for ELIZA burn,
 He may perhaps to MIRA yet return.

She said, and now her splendid vestments glow,
 With colours various as fair IRIS's bow;
 But, ah! how chang'd how dismal is the view,
 When sallying forth her own dear form to shew,
 In TRUTH's just TALISMAN, a shape appears,
 Which every odious, ugly aspect wears.

That

That instant with terrific angry mien,
The heavenly messenger again was seen ;
Aghast she look'd, o'ercome with dread and shame,
When thus INSTRUCTION did attention claim :

“ The all-seeing eye of Heaven hath view'd
thy ways,

“ His high behests, INSTRUCTION now obeys ;

“ 'Tis *He*, inflicts the punishment I tell,

“ That thou with injur'd, good ELIZA dwell ;

“ Who, ere to-morrow's sun, in bridal charms,

“ Shall take the noble CLEON to her arms ;

“ Her, as a slave thou fated art to serve,

“ Nor must from her most menial orders swerve.

“ Thus *seven* sad years shalt thou with her
abide,

“ Without one lover to encrease thy pride ;

“ Without

" Without one foul thy vanity to fan,
 " Detested, hated, by thy sex and man;
 " Tho' all thy charms shall wear their brightest
 bloom,

" For to beauteous, now's thy cursed doom,
 " This will new tortures give, fresh scenes bestow
 " To thy rack'd soul, of just and heaven-sent woe.

" Before I warn'd thee of thy dangerous state,
 " And then, fair MIRA! then, 'twas not too late;
 " Know, inconsiderate self-deceiver, know,
 " *Though nature every outward charm bestow,*
 " *If goodness, worth, reside not in the soul,*
 " *Each action subject to bright truth's controul;*
 " *If virtue, innocence, do not impart*
 " *Their lasting beauties to the female heart,*
 " How vain! how insignificant! how poor!
 " An empty form, which fools alone adore,
 " An image made to gaze at, nothing more.

H

" Seven

- “ Seven years I say, and when that time’s expir’d,
“ If you’re with *better* sentiments inspir’d;
“ If then repentant, and reclaim’d you come,
“ To kind INSTRUCTION, he’ll reverse your
doom.
“ Convinc’d how great your errors past have been,
“ Make but your mind as faultless as serene;
“ Let it, like good ELIZA’s, be possess’d,
“ Then will the maid who’s wretched now, be
blest;
“ MIRA, who hath long INSTRUCTION’s rules
withstood,
“ Will then be *happy, virtuous, wise, and good.*”

She ceas’d; and instant made her *trackless* way,
To the bright realms of *bliss* and *endless* day.

Benson received all our thanks ; but the ladies rallied him a little, for his *severity* ; and his poem became the subject of our various good-natured criticism.—However, we finished our strictures by agreeing that it was a very decent effort, of so *young* a muse.

The next evening proving delectably pleasant, we prowled almost involuntarily to the accustomed, and favourite bower ; and we were more fortunate than we had heretofore been ; for our pressing solicitations prevailed, and we got Eliza to return with us.—It was an unexpected treat to the family we were with, and Eliza was received

with every token of attention and respect by Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, and the young ladies. It was desired by them all that she would be frequent in her visits, and become one of their circle.—Mrs. Stevens, in particular, said how happy such a connexion with her daughters would make her, and that it was a friendship, she should use all her influence to strengthen.

There wants no *parade* of words where there is a *sympathy* of soul, and a *similarity* of disposition.

This visit, added to the few interviews before, had strongly confirmed the

the acquaintance ; and the most interesting friendship now took place between Eliza and this family.

We accompanied her part of the way home.

Benson was fond of consulting times and circumstances ;—he knew how much depended on them ;—giving pleasure was the joy of his heart, and he always did it in the *best* way.—He had received a letter from Wilmot, previous to our walk, but reserved for this part of it, the communication of it.—It was indeed a lovely evening, our dispositions were all in perfect harmo-

ny, and it was the fittest time in the world, to treat us with his friend's letter.

We crowded around him as we walked gently on, and he began :

" MY DEAR FELLOW,

" Oxford.

" I AM perfectly acquainted with your disposition, and I know you have so far interested yourself in the story of Mr. Jones, that a letter which brings you farther acquainted with his character, and fortune, will meet a welcome reception at your hands;—on this account I scruple not to write out of turn.

" I returned last night from a journey to town, whither I was called to transact some particular business for a friend.

H 4

" The

“ The evening I parted from Jones, we were led into a long conversation on his affairs ;—my head and heart were full of them when I set off ; and I determined on a visit to the uncle he had so often mentioned to me, and whom he had just left, when he first became acquainted with me.

“ I drove down one morning, but on my arrival at the old man’s residence, was a little chagrined to hear he was ill, and that he could not see any body.

“ After a few minutes rumination, and finding there was no other way of doing it, I sent word up to request an
interview

interview with him, on the subject of his nephew, about whom I had some particulars to communicate, which must be trusted with him only.

“ I was afraid this experiment would not succeed; but I recollected, that *“ there is a tide in the affairs of men;”* and who knows, said I, but I may be now taking Jones’s *“ at the flood,”* and that this visit of mine, may lead him *“ to fortune.”*

“ It happened exactly so, and luckily I had adopted the best plan in the world; for the old gentleman was at this moment, smarting under the reflection of his behaviour to poor Jones,

H 5

whom

whom he had lately so cruelly treated, and turned out of his house ; and of whose fate, at this moment, he was entirely ignorant.—The room was cleared, when I entered, and we were left alone.—He enquired anxiously where Jones was.—I told him briefly a particular account of my meeting with him, &c.—This relation, joined with the character I gave of him, relieved the almost dying man ;—he pressed my hand tremblingly, and in faltering accents expressed his gratitude, sincerely begged Jones's forgiveness of his conduct, and added, to make, however, some little compensation for his past cruel behaviour towards him, he would now raise him from dependence,

ance, and leave him his principal estate.

"Our parting was distressing, but I bore it the better, as I had *such fortunate* intelligence for Jones.

"I left word at the next inn, that an express might be sent me immediately on the old gentleman's decease; for I saw it was not probable that his life would be extended many days longer.

"I had not been at Oxford two hours, when the express came.—Jones was out, and I had not seen him; so that I had now the whole of the matter to open at once.

The second bottle of burgundy was placed on the table after supper before I began to disclose the contents of my budget, for indeed, I knew not very well how to set about it.

"Which is the largest estate your uncle possesses, Jones," says I?

"That where his country residence is," he replied.

"What may that be worth, think you?"

"I should suppose near, or quite two thousand a year."

"Well,

“ Well, perhaps he will leave you
“ that when he dies, to make up for
“ his past conduct towards you ?”

“ I have no reason to expect that,
“ from his general character ;—at least
“ I will never indulge the hope of
“ it.”

“ Should it ever turn out so, what
“ would you do ?”

“ As much good, as I could, to my
“ fellow-creatures ;—I would live as
“ *well*, and as *quiet* as I could :—hap-
“ piness is for ever out of my reach ;—
“ she flew away with Eliza !—had
“ I

" I her, I should experience a heaven
" on earth, in *any* situation."

" I saw the tear glisten in his eyes—
they were directed towards the floor;—
he was distressed, and I saw a disclosure
of his good fortune, in his present
humour, would not too much, and too
suddenly elate him;—so I filled a
bumper.

" I wish you joy, my boy," said I,
holding out my hand.—

" Of what ?" he replied—holding
out his, with a smile of *enquiry*.

" Of an estate of two thousand a
" year,"

"year," I added.—He made no reply.—

"I drank my bumper, and began:

"JONES!

"I went down from town, the other day, to your uncle's;—he was extremely ill, but by sending up your name to him, I obtained admittance.—He was *repenting* himself of his behaviour to you, and as a small compensation for the badness of it, said he would bequeath you his principal estate.—I have this evening an express from that part of the country;—your uncle is dead,

" and

“ and you are in possession of a good
“ fortune.”

“ He rose up, and loaded me with
thanks and careffes :—having called a
truce to these, I enlarged on my jour-
ney, and gave him minutely the reci-
tal of it, and all that passed.

“ We shall now, you see, Benson,
at any rate, soon be with you ; for
Jones will no doubt make an early vi-
sit to his estate ; thither I shall ac-
company him ; and, after assisting him
to settle all his necessary matters, post
rapidly and chearily towards you.

“ To

" To the worthy and amiable circle around you, present, in the warmest manner, my love and good wishes.

" As we shall soon meet, and talk over every thing, I will not give you the trouble of reading a long letter. —This much of Jones I was impatient to transmit you.

" Good night to you,

" JACK WILMOT."

P. S.

" I HAVE half a sheet left I see, and I employ it to transcribe you
a little

a little effusion of Jones's, at the celebrated Monserrat in Spain; which gave me much pleasure, and I think recommends his heart strongly.

“ His continental excursions we shall probably hear minutely at some future period.”

*Written at the CONVENT at MONSERRAT
in SPAIN.*

WITH solemn step this awful pile I tread,
Nor with *indignant* eye around me gaze;
But look with rev'rence on the sacred dead,
The bloody cross, and ever-burning blaze.

No

No *idle* prejudice my soul conceives,
 Nor horrid *bigotry* my bosom feels;
 I *damn* not him who *this*, or *that* believes,
 Or *care* before *what* *shrine* the good man
 kneels.

The *honest* mind, in every varied clime,
 Alike demands the approving smile of hea-
 ven;

Sincere *repentance* does away the crime,
 And *mercy* to the *contrite* heart is given.

Is not the God you worship boundless love?
 Say, then, you *sects* of ev'ry land and name,
 How do you dare his dictates disapprove,
 And ever seek each other to defame!

Shall

Shall *you*, who boast a *Saviour* for your head,
A *LORD* who *suffer'd*, *died*, and *bled* for
ALL,
Still in your *actions* contradict his *creed*,
And wanting *candour*, low as *devils* fall !

Hence, ye *profane* ! of *whatsoever* tribe,
And *perish* all the *systems* that you *teach* ;
In *vain* you *talk*, if you have *priestly* *pride*,
And wanting *charity*, in *vain* you *preach*.

What are your *forms*, ye *Pagans*, *Christians*,
Turks,
If *vehicles* to serve your *GOD*, 'tis *well* ;
He *heeds* not *what they are*, if good your *works*,
Or *cares* if *psalms* you *sing*, or *beads* you *tell*.

Serve

Serve then sincere, that *Power* who reigns above,
 O'er *all alike* he holds th' avenging rod,
 To *all alike* extendeth *boundless love*;
 Then work *his will*, his *promises* you'll prove;
 For *all the pure in heart* shall see their God.

How provoking this is, says Miss Stevens, when Benson had done.—Wilmot does not say Jones will bear him company on his visit here; so that after all, we shall not see the genius who hath engaged so much of our attention, and interested us not a little in his welfare.

Benson

Benson said, he did not doubt his coming ; as the estate of his late uncle, and of which he was now come to the possession, was but a few hours ride from hence ; besides he was certain Wilmot would bring him if he could, as he must know, after his account of him, we should desire to see him.

Our conversation now turned upon the different allotments of mankind, and the various calamities and misfortunes incident to human nature.

Miss Stevens insisted, that the tender passion, the want of it, and mercenary, and heartless matrimonial connections,

nections, were the principal *sources* of *infelicity*, and human *depravity*.

Jones, continued she, stands a striking instance of the *first*, and probably will, if he ever makes a connection, of the *latter*. Eliza, or no other woman, was destined to make him happy;—her, he hath *lost*, and he owes his present despondency of mind to a connection, which, if it had not turned out so *unfortunately*, would probably have made him the *happiest* of mortals.

Benson replied, there might be something in the assertion, but wished her to consider the world at large was
not

not composed of Jones's ;—the human mind, in general, did not partake of a single feeling he possessed ; and the business of existence could not be carried on, if the world was peopled with WERTERS, and PETRARCHS, CHARLOTTES, and LAURAS.

Miss Stevens said, she could not tell how the world might go on, if *that* was the *case* ; but she imagined it would be so much *like heaven*, we should not *complain* of it.—As to the human mind, it was what *education made it*, and it was impossible to say, *what perfection it might attain in principle and conduct under certain government—public, and private.*

The

The summit of human felicity, she added, was *reciprocal* love ;—to susceptible minds, there could be no happiness without it ;—but the ALMIGHTY seemed to have placed a barrier, where the joys of mortality were likely to *break in upon* those, which probably he had provided for us in *another* state of existence ; and she would venture to assert, that the most blessed on earth, had, sooner, or later, to exclaim with Lyfander ;

“ Ah me ! for ought that I could ever read,
 “ Could ever hear, by tale or history,
 “ The course of true love never did run smooth ;
 “ But either it was different in blood,
 “ Or else misgrafted in respect of years,
 “ Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;
 “ Or if there were a sympathy in choice,

I

“ War,

- “ War, death, or sickness did lay seige to it ;
“ Making it momentary as a sound,
“ Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
“ Brief as the light’ning in the collied night,
“ That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and
earth,
“ And ere a man hath power to say, Behold !
“ The jaws of darkness do devour it up ;
“ So quick bright things come to confusion.”

She received our united applause for her very excellent, and well adapted quotation ; and this led us, (for our conversation was as desultory as our walk,) to make a few strictures on *Shakespeare* ; from him, we run to plays and players ; and from them, to subjects that had *nothing* to do with either ; so that JOHN LOCKE himself, would be puzzled to find out the *concatenation*.

We

We were none of us fond of system, that, and argument, were never allowed out of the study; and there, the least encroachments upon *good humour* were severely and properly reprimanded.—*Politics*, the usual source of *heat*, and *difference*, were never debated at all; for as we were all SHEER REPUBLICANS, the cavils of *party*, of course we knew not.—We were perfectly of Yorick's opinion, where he makes this exclamation:—"Just God! what is "there in this world's goods, which "should so sharpen our spirits, and "make so many kind hearted-brethren of us, fall out so cruelly, as we "do, by the way."

The next morning Miss Stevens received this little billet:

“ ELIZA’S kind respects a-
“ wait Miss Stevens, and the amiable
“ family at Bromley Hall; she earnest-
“ ly solicits their company this evening
“ at her aunt’s.—Her friends, Henry
“ and Emily, came from London this
“ morning;—this, Eliza knows will be
“ a stimulation to their visit, as they
“ have kindly interested themselves in
“ their story.—We shall be at the
“ bower at five o’clock.

“ Hookland Park.”

Thither we gladly repaired at the
hour appointed;—Eliza introduced us
very

very familiarly to her friends.—Emily was indeed a sweet woman ;—she was all soul.—Henry was robust and manly, and there was a great deal of the *undescribably* agreeable something about him.

Eliza, in whose heavenly face misery had long taken up her abode, now looked peculiarly dejected.—She did not wish to take from the felicity of her friends, but the *contrast* of their situation and circumstances, it was very visible, wounded her inmost soul ;—the heart-sprung sigh frequently escaped her ;—it seemed to say—Thus happy should Edward and I have been, if he had not *forsaken* me ;—it was a natural reflexion.—Emily knew her

foul, and the tear glistened in her eyes, as she looked at her.

We returned with Eliza to her aunt's, who we found a chearful, sensible old lady.

The evening, and indeed great part of the night, passed with peculiar festivity ;—no wonder, from such a conjunction of characters ;—they were formed by *nature*, and perfected by *art*, to *please*, *instruct*, and *diffuse* a charm around them.—Dear, delectable circle !—you are *now* widely and variously dispersed, and the cold hand of *death* hath arrested some of the best of you ;—hath torn from Henry, his beloved

beloved, and accomplished Emily!—from Wilmot and myself, our Benson!—and from Miss Stevens, her dear, and ever honoured parents!—It must be so.

“As through this thorny vale of life we run,
“Great Cause of all events—Thy will be done.”

On our return to Bromley-hall, we found Wilmot and Jones were come.—They were jaded with a long journey, and little rest, and retired to their rooms.

Miss Stevens said, how impatiently she waited the morning, and still more the afternoon, when our set would be, so charmingly enlarged;—for Eliza

had promised to bring her aunt, and Henry and Emily to dinner, and spend the evening; —she anticipated it, she said, with inexpressible joy, for it would be indeed,

“The feast of reason, and the flow of soul;”

and *this*, heaven had given *her* a soul to enjoy, in its fullest extent.

We were breakfasting in the library, when Wilmot introduced his friend; —he more than answered our expectations, and there was something so charmingly easy and manly in his person, dress, and manner, that we were all instantly delighted with him.

After

After breakfast, and half an hour's lounge among the books, we took our guns to amuse ourselves for a few hours, while the ladies were taken up in necessary preparations for the day.

We had been out near four hours, when Jones, who had strayed some distance from us, came running exhausted, and fainting towards us ;—he sunk at our feet ;—we were extremely alarmed, and it was some time before we could recover him ;—at length, raising his eyes gently towards Wilmot, he sighed out,

“I HAVE SEEN ELIZA!”

From

From *this*, we could gather nothing ;—only that his heated *imagination* had raised some phantom to his view, and he had indulged those reflections too much, which Wilmot assured us, had frequently hurried him nearly to *madness*.

He gradually grew better ;—we were now sitting by him, and he thus related to us the cause of the situation he was thrown into :

“ About two fields off, as I was pursuing some birds I had marked down, I heard, on the other side the hedge I was close by, a gentleman, and several ladies, conversing very loud ;—I stopped, and the *voice of my*
Eliza !

Eliza ! rushed perceptibly on my ears, and pierced my heart.—I looked through a small opening in the hedge, and I SAW HER !—it must, it must be *Eliza* !—I found myself for some time incapable of either *motion*, or the power of *utterance*; when I recovered the *first*, I ran towards you.”

Benson replied, he could easily explain his seeing the ladies, for as we had heard at breakfast, there were several ladies, and a gentleman, intimate friends of Mr. Stevens's family, coming *there* to dinner to-day; and he dared to say it was them on their way.

One of these ladies was named Eliza.—“ You know her, Sir, do you !”—resumed Jones, wildly.—“ Is that like her !” snatching at the same time a *miniature* from his bosom.

“ The *same* face,” replied Benson.—We stared at each other earnestly, lost in amazement.

Benson was collected upon most occasions, and he began :

“ Mr. Jones!—from your friend Wilmot I have heard your story, and I do not wonder at your being so agitated as you are ;—it should seem that this is the *same* Eliza, you thought
you

you had lost for ever!—you must have been misinformed with respect to her *death*.—I have also heard Eliza's tale of woe, and she hath every reason to suppose, except that of a certainty of your death, that you are lost for ever to *her*!—now this point must be managed *nicely*, and *delicately*, for you hazard her life, and your own too, if you risk an *abrupt*, and *sudden interview*."

"Is her name Faulkner!" cried Jones, interrupting him;—of *this*, none of us could satisfy him; for she was known to us, only by the name of *Eliza*.

We

We examined the circumstances every way; and agreed, after much deliberation, that the most proper plan would be, that of going through the gardens by a private avenue into the library, and then send for Emily and Miss Stevens, who we thought were the most suitable persons, to break to Eliza, the happy, and unexpected tidings of Jones's being not only alive, but in the same house with her.

The wonder and surprise of the ladies will be much easier conceived than described;—they wept for joy at the intelligence.

When

When they were sufficiently composed and collected, they sent for Eliza into a private room; and, with the greatest possible delicacy, divulged to her their astonishing, and almost too joyful *mission*.

Eliza was struck dumb, and motionless, for some minutes.—Adversity had given her peculiar fortitude, and a long series of suffering, had formed her soul to bear the vicissitudes of life with *firmness*; but *this* was indeed a miraculous turn in her affairs, and had like to have *overpowered* her.—She requested to be left alone half an hour.—Her friends withdrew.

On

On their return, they found her upon her knees.—She rose cheerfully, and said, with a smile, she could *now* meet Jones as she *ought*, and begged he might be admitted to her *alone*.

Where our feelings are extremely exquisite, we seldom attempt to describe them ; neither Jones, or Eliza, ever endeavoured to depicture *this* meeting.—No language could do it.—Scenes, where the heart, and all the powers of the soul are so *eminently* interested, beggar the best efforts of the *pen* and the *pencil*.

They continued together near an hour.—They then entered the dining-room

room, and received our joint congratulations.—We could think of nothing,—talk of nothing, but the wonderful providence they had experienced.—The morning vanished like a *dream*, and the circumstances of it, seemed like a *vision*; the evening came on, and we *doubted* the occurrences of the day.

It being a moon-light night, we accompanied our amiable visitors home.

Jones and Eliza parted very reluctantly, though for *only* a few hours, for we had given our word to spend the next day at *Hookland Park*.

THE END.